

THE POST.

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AT LEBANON, KY.,
BY W. W. JACK.
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THE



POST.

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Port's Corner.



From the Dover Gazette.
Hurrah for Buchanan.
AIR—"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."
Arouse, true Americans! haste to your duty.
Our Star Spangled Banner lies trailed in the dust;
The foe has defaced its original beauty,
With sworn liar prejudice, meanness and unjust.
Prosperity and cold blooded murders have stained it;
But rush to its rescue, 'mid salvos cannon,
And choose for your President noble Buchanan.
Awake to the worth of our dearly-bought Union,
Our Star Spangled Banner well washed and untarned.
Will yet ornament us in happy communion,
The glory of nations and pride of the world.
The National party more noble than ever,
In holy alliance with nothing can sever,
Stands up for this greatness with booming of cannon,
And offers as leader its trusty Buchanan.
No slander, however, disguised or splanetic,
Has ever been able to injure his fame,
While forty years' services, great energetic!
Extol and emblazon his virtuous name.
Ye winds, waft his fitness all over creation,
Shout! shout! all ye people, his wise nomination,
And belch out his praises, ye bellowing cannon,
Proclaiming our President, spotless Buchanan.
Then from the Atlantic unto the Pacific,
From Florida's cape to Canada line,
Americans rally, in earnest! terrific!
Let righteousness reign and true principles shine!
For brotherly kindness, angelic and pure,
Your foolish contentions forever abjure,
With sentiments louder than thundering cannon,
Support our good President, worthy Buchanan.

For the Post.
GREENSBURG, July, 23d, 1856.
MR. EDITOR:—Dear Sir:—Through the columns of your paper please admit the following communication to be read by the public:

In my rambles through your State I had the pleasure of a visit to the Sulphur Well of Barren county. This well now so rapidly gaining popularity, is situated nearly on a direct line between this place and Glasgow, about 16 miles from Greensburg; from which point, a regular carriage communication is established for the safe conveyance of passengers to and from the well, at any time; by calling on the very gentlemanly proprietors of the Allen Hotel, Messrs. Scott & Woodring. Here, at this celebrated Artesian Well, have already congregated during this season, more than two hundred different persons, both old and young, to partake of its cool and healing waters; and many of these are returning the second time this season, to obtain a fuller supply, or to effect a more permanent cure of whatever disease they have. In conversing with several of these invalids I obtained ample testimony as to the medicinal virtue of the water, to warrant the present owners and proprietors in realizing all they have anticipated in their desired success at this well, in time to come. Mr. Bowling and his interesting family are putting forth every energy to satisfy all visitors who may chance to stop there; their courteous and friendly manner always awakens a desire in their visitors to return to this lovely retreat, and share again their hospitality. VIATOR.

PRETTY GOOD.—An affected lady about to be married, in a place not over four hundred miles off, went to look at some furniture. She wished to have a piece of furniture to set in the corner of the parlor upon which to place books and curiosities. She saw several, but they did not suit. It seems she could not explain what she wanted. Finally, she said:

"Mister, have you got any with under trousers in them?"
"With what in?" ejaculated the surprised dealer in veneered cherry, &c.—"with what in?"
"With under trow-trow-trowsers in them."
"And what the deuce, madam, would you do with under trousers in a piece of furniture like that?"
"Why, to put shells and other curiosities in."
"Ah! ho! hem! You mean drawers, eh? Why didn't you say so? Walk up stairs, ma'am."
The lady collapsed, and a footman placed her in an open carriage.
"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his client.
"I did, sir."
"What did he say, sir?"
"He told me to go to the devil, sir."
"Well, sir, and what did you do after that?"
"Why, then I came to you."

HERE THEY GO.—The Albany (N. Y.) Register, last year a leading supporter of the k. n. State ticket, has raised the Fremont flag.

Humorous Tales

A Novel.

Scene laid in Victoria, Texas.—Scene and Plot, Facts.

CHAPTER I.

The Lovers.—On a vine-covered porch, surrounded with honeysuckles, jessamines, roses, &c., with a sweet-smelling gourd vine occasionally interspersed, sat two lovers, (a male and a female one). The gentle zephyr's soft and balmy breath dallied playfully with their hair, and made sweet music among the leaves and flowers. The stars in glory crowned the night.—The pale moon rose like a god, and its silver radiance shed a pure and holy halo around the place where the lovers sat.
"Oh, dearest," cried Salie, as she twined her lovely, snowy arms around her lover's neck, and reclined her blushing cheek upon his manly breast, "tell me that thou wilt never cease to love me as you love me now."
"Nay, dearest," said Peter, fondly kissing her pure white brow, and she nodd'd.
Still whispered the gentle zephyrs; the flowers and the gourd vines continue to smell sweet, the stars shone on, and the man-in-the-moon kept picking up brush.

CHAPTER II.

"And tell me, dearest," said Peter, "what thou hast so often said before, but which still sounds like sweet music in my ears—wilt thou, oh loved one, wilt thou be mine own, my wife, wilt thou?" and she nodd'd.
And still she blushed; and the zephyrs blew the flowers, the gourd vines sweet, the stars shone on, and the man-in-the-moon kept picking up brush.

CHAPTER III.

The Lover's Prayer.—"Oh, dearest Salie," said Peter, whilst he took one of her snowy fingers in his teeth, "don't ever tease thy loving Peter, and make me feel the pangs of jealousy shoot through my heart like molten lead. Thou knowest I love thee; oh, how truly; so don't tease thy Peter; don't, love!" and she nodd'd.
And still she blushed; the zephyrs blew on, the flowers and gourd vines smelt sweeter, a little bird sang tinkle lude dee; the stars twinkled, and the man-in-the-moon picked up brush.

CHAPTER IV.

"Salie, my own, my own, my loved one," cried Peter rapturously, as he threw his arms around the loving timid fair one, "I thank thee for the promise. Let me seal it on thy lips, on those rosy portals to thy lovely mouth," and he audaciously kissed her right on her mouth. "Quit, my love," said she, and he quit'd.

And she hadn't yet stopped blushing, the zephyrs hadn't quit blowing, nor the flowers and the gourd vines quit smelling sweet, but the little bird had quit singing tinkle lude dee, and sung tweedle dum, the stars shone on, and still the man-in-the-moon was picking up brush.

CHAPTER V.

Catastrophe and Conclusion.—"And now, dearest," said Peter, "tell me when shall be the happy day when we twain flesh shall be one fish. When shall all our doubts and trials be ended? Oh, when, dearest, when; say, dearest, say," and she nodd'd.

And this time she blushed more, the zephyrs blew and whispered a little louder the flowers smelt sweet and the gourd vines sweeter, the little bird quit singing, and opened its eyes wider, the stars winked at each other, and still the man-in-the-moon kept picking up brush; and when I left, the lovers were still sitting on the porch, and if they haven't left, are sitting there still. FINIS.—Texas Ad.

COTTON SUPERSEDED BY SILK.—The Paris correspondent of the London Atlas, says:

"We hail with delight the announcement that a *savant* has just made so valuable a discovery in the art of preparing silk, that this article will become cheaper and more common than cotton. This *savant* it appears, began by nothing else to do, beyond to think, which is wonderful for a *savant*, says Alphonso Karr—that there was but one creature capable of producing silk, that there was but one description of vegetable matter, that of the mulberry tree fitted for the creature's food, therefore the silky substance must not lie in the animal, but in the vegetable matter; so at once the *savant* set about analyzing the composition of the mulberry leaf, and by boiling it to a thick paste has produced every description of silk in immense quantities. I have seen several yards of manufacture, and although wanting a little of the gloss belonging to that spun by the worm, I can pronounce it as superior to the finest *foulard* hitherto made. The price of the silk is five francs a pound when spun, being 120 francs cheaper than that of the present day.—This new method of procuring silk will at once be adopted in all countries, as the mulberry can be grown in any country, and requires scarcely any culture.

It is said that bleeding a partially blind horse at the nose will restore him to sight; so much for the horse. To open a man's eyes, you must bleed him in the pocket.

Courting in Broadway.

A very singular wedding transpired here this week. A young and very pretty Irish girl—the sister of one of our common councilmen, was walking up Broadway, when she attracted the attention of an elderly gentleman, of large wealth, who had lived all his life a bachelor and an ascetic. Rumor says that he was foiled in an affair du cœur, and carried thenceforth in his breast a heart impenetrable to the sweet influences of the tender passion. Well, this gentleman on the promenade was attracted by this Irish girl to such a degree that he arrested his steps and ventured to address her.

"Will you pardon the liberty, Miss, if I ask your name?"

The girl timidly surveyed him, and apparently satisfied that not more curiosity prompted him in the query, and that he was a gentleman, she assented.

"My name is Mary O'K——, sir."
"Dare I ask you another question, Mary—I mean Miss O'K——?"
"Proceed, sir," she replied, good humoredly.

"Then I should like to ask you—and you will confer an infinite obligation upon me by answering truly—whether you are engaged in marriage to any one, or whether your feelings are interested in any person whatever?"

The question was decidedly a home one, but there was so kind and gentle an expression in the old man's eye, and such an evident earnestness in his tone, that she answered him freely—

"Not in the least, sir."

"Then allow me without any further ceremony, to place my card in your hand, and with it the offer of myself and fortune. Commission any friend you please to make whatever inquiries concerning me you may deem proper, and let me know your determination to-morrow."

The girl, overwhelmed with surprise, deposited the slip of pasteboard in the reticule, and passed on. On Wednesday afternoon her brother called at the hotel where her admirer resided, and informed him that Mary had concluded to accept him. They were married the same evening at the residence of the bride's mother, and gave her \$100,000 on the spot.

This gentleman—he would not like me to give his name—has held a great many public offices in his time, was formerly a Major in the United States Army, and afterwards assistant Indian Commissioner. His real estate in this city is worth more than \$200,000.

Mary and the Major started the next morning for New Orleans, where the latter has a brother who is a sort of pecuniary nabob in that city.—New York Paper.

Jim Snobs and Susan Dobs.

A MOST THRILLING SKETCH.

Jim Snobs loved moonlight walks and Susan Dobs. Susan Dobs loved Jim Snobs, moonlight walks and Boulogne sausages. Old Dobs loved both Susan and the sausages, but couldn't go. Jim Snobs, the young lovers saw it, and separated with a vow to be true to the bitter end. Jim went off like Niademas, "muttering" leaving Susan on the verge of despair. She retired to her "downy couch" on the eventful night of these troubles; fell into an unrefreshing snooze and had dismal dreams. She concluded to awake with a start, like all romantic young ladies in the novels—made an effort, and succeed in awaking—with a start. Having awoke and thrown back her clustering hair from her lovely brow she proceeded to sigh. After sighing, her lips were seen to move. She placed her hand nearly upon the spot where the heart of her absent Jim had taken the place of her own, and exclaimed:

"Oh! Jemes! is it our own ill-starred love that presses upon me, or is it the sausages?"

Just then a lovely night strain came in at the window. In it she recognized the voice of Jim. He was close at hand, singing to her his favorite song—those touching lines—

"Over the River to Charley," &c.

She flew to the window and exclaimed—"Is it, indeed, thou, my ever constant Jemes?"

A voice feelingly responded—"nothing shorter."

It is almost useless to tell the remainder. They eloped on Jim's mustang steed that identical night, and ere day peeped over the eastern hills they were far on the road to happiness, notwithstanding Susan's frequent petitions to Jim not to let the noble beast trot so on his empty stomach!

Old Dobs awoke next morning, discovered the flight, disinherited the loving couple and committed suicide on sausages. His last words were execrations on Mr. and Mrs. Snobs, who, in order to make the thrilling part come in properly, it is necessary to state, are now inconsolable at the result of their disobedience.

A deacon in Boston, who became rich in the grocery business, boasts of what he had done for temperance by mixing at least a gallon of pure water with every gallon of liquor he sold. The deacon was decidedly great upon temperance.

Remarkable Marriages.

The Diario of Madrid relates the following romantic story:

A few years ago, an English nobleman, a grandee of the first water, and an eccentric of the wildest school, honored New York with his presence and his money.—He lived strictly incognito, and his sole amusement consisted in wandering through the streets after nightfall, and in relieving those of his fellow creatures who had experienced the pangs of poverty or the penalties of dissipation. While upon one of these humane excursions, he encountered a female who tenderly solicited alms.

Inquiring, he found her to be an orphan of surpassing beauty; with an intelligent mind and of excellent education, reduced to abject destitution from the death of her father, shot in the Mexican war. The titled Howard, wearied at his bachelor's existence, and won by the romance of the beggar's history, tendered to her his heart, his colonel, and his hand. The sequel, according to the Diario, is, that at a recent ball given by the Russian Emperor, a duchess, radiant with beauty and sparkling with diamonds, won the hearts of all observers. The distinguished lady was the ex-devant mendicant of the New York streets.

Here is quite a romantic—and strange, if true—story:

A beautiful young heiress, had become so disgusted with a flattering set of soporific, pomatum-haired, moustache-tipped, and strongly perfumed suitors for her hand, that she shut herself from the fashionable world, turned all her property into money, deposited it all in Banks, donned a cheap wardrobe, put on a mask, and went, pedestrian-like, through the city in which she had hitherto moved with so much display and magnificence. She asked alms of those who of late had knelt at her feet and sued for her hand. They knew her not, and casting a look of scorn upon her veiled face and coarse wardrobe, bade her "begone!" She entered the country—here she met with derision and scorn. A few kind-hearted people, it is true, bestowed aid; but these were of the poorer class, who had hard work to procure their own daily bread; but they could not turn a fellow creature hungry from their door, and therefore gave a small pittance from their scanty store.

One summer's day, a large company met on — Beach. They were mostly from the city. The disguised heiress, from some cause or other, had wandered there. She asked alms of one or two, termed "upper ten." They spoke tauntingly, but gave nothing. What they said had been heard by quite a number of their company. Most of them laughed, or looked as if they thought "served her right." The beggar woman turned about, and was walking sadly away, when a good looking gentleman stepped forward, and catching hold of her arm, thus spoke:

"Stay, my good woman—tell me what you want?"

She replied in a low trembling tone,

"I want a sixpence—only a sixpence."

"You shall have ten times that sum—Here," he added, drawing from his pocket an eagle, and placing it in the gloved hand of the woman, "take this, and if it is not enough, I will give you another."

The heiress returned the eagle, exclaiming, "I want a sixpence, sir—only a sixpence."

Seeing that she could not be made to take the coin, the gentleman drew forth a sixpence, and gave it to the strange being beside him, who, after thanking the generous donor, walked slowly away. After being laughed at for so doing by his comrades, he set out in pursuit of the beggar woman, saying, "Perhaps she is an heiress—or an angel in disguise. I mean to ascertain."

Not that he thought this. He wished to show his indifference to what his comrades said, besides satisfying himself about the strange female whom he had aided.—He soon overtook her, and addressed her thus: "Pardon me, madam, for pursuing you. I would know more about you."

As the speaker ceased, the mask dropped from the face of the female, and the beautiful heiress was portrayed before the astonished gentleman.

That they were afterwards married, the reader has already imagined, for the heiress used this means of procuring a worthy husband, and the generous gentleman had long been looking for "an angel in disguise."

The happy husband is often heard to say he got an "heiress for a sixpence."

J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, is worthy to stand by the side of Buchanan. His career in the House, though short, was sufficient to place him in the very front rank of public men, and to exhibit the brilliant qualifications which had enabled him to beat the ablest and most experienced electioneering speaker in Kentucky. Ex-Governor Letcher, in the strong whig district formerly represented by Henry Clay.—He is as true as steel.

LET'S DIE TOGETHER

A very amusing scene occurred a few days ago in a neighboring city, not a thousand miles from this, where, in a number of the fraternity were prominent actors, about which we have laughed off a threatened attack of winter fever, and through the same means, have lost a number of buttons from our jacket. Our readers are honestly entitled to have the particulars, and shall have a hearty laugh, too. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

The editor, (for short we will call Quill) having business to engage him much at night, had wisely provided a nice broil, to strengthen the inner man, and having carefully stowed it away for future reference, stepped out for a short time to manage some necessary business. The foreman and typo, (who we call Quad and Rule,) soon came in and chanced to find the steak. What a fine chance for a good joke on Quill: eat the delicious morsel he had prepared, and when too late laugh at him—that's it—bright idea—ah, we have him on the hip! The juicy steak is broiled, and eagerly and hastily devoured, after having given it a fine brown toast. Quad and Rule could no longer retain their mirth at the rich joke they had played; the secret must out. Thanks to the careful provident Quill; "the steak was fine!"

Quill comprehended at once the whole state of affairs, determined richly to repay the boys for their left handed joke; so instantly assuming the gravity of an owl, and the solicitude of a matronly shanghai, with great earnestness, grasping Quad by the arm, exclaimed: "My god, Quad! You haven't eaten that poisoned meat?"

"Y-e-s," responded Quad, whilst his face assumed an ashy paleness, his limbs were seized with a trembling, and his eyes stood an inch from his forehead.

"Great God! then you are poisoned, and in a few minutes you will be a dead man. Strychnine was put upon that meat to kill wolves."

Every person in the office knew that Strychnine had been procured that day, to silence some wolves that with their howling made midnight hideous. Each therefore rushed forward to the scene of conversation; everything in the shape of business was suspended, and waited in breathless agony the termination of this tragical scene.

"Poisoned!—strychnine!—death!"—groaned the thoroughly affrighted Quad. "Oh! my God, save me," and he rolled his eyes beseechingly an instant for the first time heavenward; then hastily placing both hands upon his stomach, he hissed, "ah, ye Gods! I feel the death grip—the poison has hold on my vitals. Oh h-h-h save me! What shall I take."

Quill suggested grease, oil, lard, soap, anything as an antidote. Devil jumped down to the press, and in an instant returned with a large bottle filled with oil—the article used on the press. Quad grasped it spasmodically, disengaged the cork and placed it to his mouth. The limpid stream rapidly flowed towards its level, and the bottle would have been emptied had it not been arrested by the hand of Rule, whose quick eyes measured the remains of the fast disappearing life-saving antidote. The remainder was hastily dispatched, together with all the grease that could be found in the office.

Consternation and fright now resigned in the once happy office—prayers were breathed for the sinful souls of the two unfortunates. The crisis was hastily approaching, when another entered and quickly learned the awful state of affairs, viz: that the young men had eaten strychnine.

"To the Doctor's, for God's sake, make haste!" screamed the new comer. This was something new and unthought of in the haste before. Quad sprang to the door, and was about vanishing when Rule moaned out:

"Stop a moment, Quad; wait and I will go. If we die, let us die together like men."

The office of Dr. M. was reached in a moment—victims examined—said there was little danger; the poison if taken, would have done its work before. Quad was not satisfied; he saw only death before him, could he get no oil? Doctor was out. Pale, haggard, and trembling in every limb, he rushed out, followed in the distance by all the "boys" in the office, breaking through two doors of a neighboring establishment, he shouted to the proprietor in sepulchral tones—

"Oil, grease, lard—quick—strychnine!—Oh-h-h-h-h-h-o-o! The pains of death are very severe—O-o-o-o-o!"

The frightened keeper could only furnish the little lamp grease on hand, and hastily put on the fire a pan of pork. The wretched victim, almost in the agonies of death, his knees like Belshazzar's smiting together, seizing a ladle and half cooling the accumulated fat rapidly drank it as the sweetest morsel. The overburdened stomach could not endure everything, a tenderness and upheaving ensued, and the victim was led back with difficulty to the office, physically prostrated. Quill was absent—the secret had leaked out—the boys couldn't hold—they giggled, laughed, giggled—the thing was out. Quad and Rule smelt the mice very strongly, their strength and vigor instantly returned. No oil, the press couldn't run that night, no one dared mention the name of it.

Doctor called next morning—bill was promptly met. Weather was exceedingly cold, yet that house was too hot for Quill for a number of days. The boys won't endure the sight of pork, grease or butter.

On Saturday, Quad, still pale, was passing down Street—a stranger called from behind, asking where was a drug store, he wanted some strychnine to poison wolves.

With murder in his eye, Quad turned upon him. Stranger took him to be a madman, and hastily fled, both pursued. Hats flew off in the wind, still bareheaded as for life, each nerved himself—away—away, until lost from sight. "We have heard from neither since—meanwhile Quill returned to the office."

Oil has gone up in that city, but strychnine no sale.

"OUR BABY"

"That's our baby," said a young mother, exultingly, as she took it from the cradle, and held it at arm's length before us, and oh! for the light in her eye, as the words were spoken. It was a pretty babe, (mother and babes are always pretty, though ever so plain before or after) but we have seen prettier; though that young mother never has and never will. Her wildest dreams of beauty are realized, the most glorious angel-face that ever bent whispering to her ear in childish dream, the ideal of her "teens"—that mythic imagination which haunted antenatal nights—was beautiful, exceedingly; but his charms pale and fade away before the peerless beauty of—"our baby."—And all this was told us in a look. True, as she presently seated herself with baby on the lap, fearing she might have betrayed the extravagance of her love, she pretended to speak slightly of his features, tried to "cry him down" a little; said, "she didn't think he was very handsome—didn't like the shape of his nose," but it wouldn't do; we were not to be hoodwinked in that way; and her little ruse in subsequently praising the father of "ridiculous" admiration did not succeed. "I think Mary Jane's baby much prettier, but George, why, you never saw a man act so absurdly as he does over him, he perfectly idolizes him."

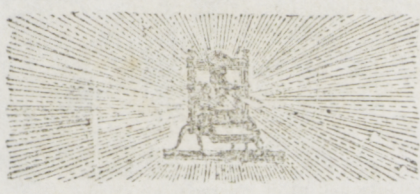
George, thus appealed to before a third party, affects a magnificent indifference, snaps his fingers at him with a "pooh!" and valorously calls him a "noisy rascal," but George is a humbug, he does "idolize" him, and is a better man for the sin.

Reader, "our baby," puling infant as he is, "troublesome comfort," as he proves weak and hopeless as he looks—is a very giant! A power unknown before his advent, prevails in the household he blesses. A strength more potent than many evils—he imports. A messenger from Heaven is "our baby," bringing to father weighty messages from its courts; singing in mother's open ear the melodies that angels sing! the bards whereof is faith! and hope! and love! He is a link—forged in sacred fires—of the unseen and rustless chain which binds man to his Maker; the "bow anchor" to the bark of Love! the household deity, miniature type of Him who sits in eternal watchfulness over erring humanity. "Our baby is the sentinel of God! whose eye uplifteth that of the mother to His throne! whose tiny arm with the power of a Titan, stays the truant steps or that father whose recent thought sometimes wanders from the shrine of home! A guardian spirit! "our baby," a safeguard against the powers of darkness; a shining star in every household, whose rays fall like a blessing upon each face within its walls. Reader, guard them rest on yours.—Wor. Transcriber.

THE DEVIL RIGHT FOR ONCE.—The New York correspondent of the Congregationist writes: Dr. H., who is pastor of an Orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to "speak" whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that "an opportunity would now be afforded for any brother to offer an exhortation," had always a secret dread of the obnoxious member. On one special occasion, the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue, with an account of a previous controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. "My friends," said he, "the devil and we have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silence; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now that I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered—"Brother, I think the devil was right!"

"Our party is the bone and sinew of the country," said an electioneering office-holder to a farmer.

"And what are the bones and sinews worth without the brains?" replied the farmer.



LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, July 30. 1856.

Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:

JAMES BUCHANAN,
Of Pennsylvania.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

J. C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Of Kentucky.

Nominees of the Convention.

For Judge:

George Kavanaugh,
Of Anderson.

For Commonwealth's Attorney:

Andy Barnett,
Of Green.

Nominees of the County Democratic Convention.

For Sheriff:

FELIX JARBOE,

For Deputy:

JAMES YOWELL,

For Circuit Clerk:

N. T. BERRY.

R. L. Wickliffe asserts that Andy Barnett is not the nominee of the Springfield convention. Who is? He says Dugan and Johnson, of Nelson, voted for Barnett; Johnson against his will, and Dugan by mistake. We have seen letters from both Dugan and Johnson, saying they voted for Barnett in convention thro' choice, and intend to vote for him the same way at the polls.

Barnett was really the strongest man of the four competitors before the convention. There were seven counties and four candidates. Of course the majority of the counties had to make a second choice; and the man strongest in second choice, was strongest in convention. Then Barnett got Taylor and Green as their first choice. Marion and Mercer would have voted for him if they had been called on to make a second choice. Washington did vote for him as her second choice. Half of the Nelson vote, and five out of seven votes of Anderson come to him as their second choice;—showing that he was by far the strongest man in the convention.

Springfield Convention—Little Dogs in High Rye.

Hardin and Wickliffe have denounced the Springfield convention all over the district as dictators, usurping upstarts, little dogs in high rye. One would suppose that neither of these gentlemen ever was in a convention, but for the fact that it is a matter of record that both of them were in the 8th of January convention at Frankfort last winter, and that hitherto both of them were notorious for their activity in all and any kind of democratic meetings.

We suggest to each and every one of the hundred and seventy gentlemen composing that Springfield Convention, that they turn out and convince these gentry who seek to disorganize, distract their party; that they are too little, very little dogs in mighty high rye.

Let some delegate of the Convention attend to that matter at every voting precinct in the district. They thought when they went to Springfield, that they were doing the best for their party, and the country; and now they are denounced as dictators, by two men who seek to dictate to the whole party. Because neither of them could get the endorsement of the party, with which they profess to act—but against whose real interest they are now at work. See to it Democrats you "little dogs in high rye."

PHIL LEE, k. n. elector for this Congressional District addressed the citizens of this place, on Saturday last. He did not come up to our expectations, his speech being a very prosy, prolix and tiresome affair. Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Nelson answered him in behalf of the Democracy. His speech, on the contrary, was replete with humor and sound argument, and the loud and frequent applause evinced the enthusiasm which he stirred up. Mr. J. has been doing valiant service during the present canvass.

GOOD FOR EVIL.—We wonder if our American friends are voting for James D. Hardin, because he joined, left and skinned them alive last year? We also wonder if they think they are preserving that "Christian civilization" they were so much concerned about last year, in voting for Wickliffe.

Politico-Parsons—"Monsieur Tonson Come Again."

We seem to be a doomed people, in the way of parsonical inflictions. Last year Sam sent us an ex-parson, to enlighten the voters of Marion county, as to how they should cast their votes. The consequence of that experiment, we thought, satisfied Sam; but it seems we were mistaken in so thinking. Now again, that another election is approaching, Sam has sent another missionary—a parson missionary—among us. On Saturday last, a Rev. Mr. Pond, of Boyle county, as we learn, was at Bradfordsville, and after speeches had been made by the judicial candidates, the said Pond "exaggerated the explorations of the diametrical stand" in real know-nothing, but most unparson-like style. Our informant says he opened by saying he had nothing to do with the judicial canvass—it was a fight among democrats—he was glad to see it going on—hoped they would eat each other up in Kilkenny cat style; and then let into the convention that nominated Buck and Breck, in real Bentonian style—that is to say, with all of Benton's vulgarity, without any of his power. He aimed to be especially severe on conventions in general; seeming to forget that Fillpot and Donalson were the candidates of a convention—a know-nothing convention at that, where spectators were by no means admitted.

After demolishing the convention, (in his own estimation,) he let into Buck, with the same old song—federalist, abolitionist, bargain and intrigue, &c., &c.; said Breck had a difficulty with a Mr. Cutting, in which he came off second best,—a most unpreacher-like allusion. We think, having disposed of the convention, of old Buck, and then young Breck, he took a turn at the Catholics and foreigners. On the Catholic branch he was peculiarly happy, it giving him an opportunity to exhibit his theological attainments, and his bigotry; and wound up on this point by the remarkable statement that now many Catholics had joined their order and would vote with them—a most unparson-like assertion.—Rehashed all the cant slang of last year about foreigners, and then concluded his most remarkable harangue. Our informant says the creature seems to have swallowed all the mendacious articles published in the Journal for the last eighteen months, against Catholics, foreigners, Buchanan, Breckinridge, and Democracy; and then just vomited forth the conglomerated mass of lies, detraction, calumny and corruption, and got mad at the stretch he had himself created. For two long hours was this thing called a political speech protracted.

If our know-nothing friends are bound to have speeches, if they desire to have them, in the name of common decency, don't outrage everybody's sense of propriety by importing from little Britain or Brush Creek, political parsons or ex-parsons, either. We do not know the Rev. Pond, did not hear his speech, and have given what we are informed is a correct outline of his oration. He may be, and, for aught we know, is, a very clever, pious, sincere, charitable, polished, educated, exemplary Christian minister; but the fact stated, that he made a political speech, for any or either side, is enough to make us doubt his possessing any of the qualities above enumerated. We fear he is a Pond, a pond indeed, not of Christian love, piety, and purity, but a stagnant, putrid, gangrened, stench-creating pond—one filled with toads of slander, snakes of poisonous cunning, with tadpole—tailed and tailless; with tarrepins, and snapping turtles, with bull-frogs, water-dogs, and such other venomous vermin as usually infest such a Pond. If Mr. Pond is really a gentleman and a Christian, we sincerely regret that he does not spend his breath in preaching "love to all mankind," instead of stirring up a war of race upon race, and of religion upon religion; and we hope he will hereafter do so, though we understand he is one of Sam's assistant electors. If so, there is little left to hope for in him.

Judicial Canvass.

Kavanaugh and Barnett passed through the upper portion of our county last week, on their way to Taylor and Green. They have made a thorough canvass of the district,—have done their duty faithfully, and it now remains for their friends to see the thing out. Let some active democrat at each voting place in the district, make it his exclusive business to attend to their interests, so as to insure that the importance of the Judicial election shall not be overlooked, on account of the county elections; and especially ought it to be attended to upon the day of election. The election might be lost by sheer negligence.

CALISTUS ABELL, is a candidate for the office of Assessor. Also our old friend WM. DOUGLASS. Also WM. EDMONSON.

The Duty of Southern States.

We copy the following article from the New Orleans Delta, an independent journal, and ask for it an attentive perusal from our readers. The Delta acknowledges allegiance to no party organization, and is governed on its political positions by what it honestly believes to be the interest of the South.

The Electoral College of the United States consists of two hundred and ninety six votes, distributed as follows:

SIXTEEN FREE STATES.

Maine,	8
New Hampshire,	6
Vermont,	6
Massachusetts,	13
Rhode Island,	4
Connecticut,	6
New York,	35
New Jersey,	7
Pennsylvania,	27
Ohio,	23
Indiana,	13
Illinois,	11
Michigan,	6
Wisconsin,	5
Iowa,	4
California,	4
Total,	176

FIFTEEN SLAVE STATES.

Delaware,	3
Maryland,	8
Virginia,	15
North Carolina,	10
South Carolina,	8
Georgia,	10
Florida,	3
Alabama,	9
Mississippi,	7
Louisiana,	5
Texas,	4
Tennessee,	12
Kentucky,	12
Missouri,	9
Arkansas,	4
Total,	120
Grand Total,	296

Whoever is elected by the people must obtain one hundred and forty-nine votes out of the two hundred and ninety-six. It is conceded that Fremont cannot carry any Southern State, and also that Pennsylvania, from State pride at least, will go for Buchanan. Nevertheless if the fusionists should carry for Fremont all the free States except Pennsylvania, it would give him the exact majority of 149. But this cannot be conceded, and consequently if the contest were only between Buchanan and Fremont, it would place the election of the former almost beyond question or hazard.

Should Mr. Buchanan carry all the Southern States and Pennsylvania, he would have one hundred and forty-seven votes, two less than a majority. Indiana or Illinois, Iowa or California, Wisconsin or Michigan, or possibly New York—some one of which may pretty safely be counted on for him—would make up the deficiency. But, then, Delaware, with three votes, is doubtful, Kentucky not entirely certain, nor yet Louisiana, unless the Democrats of the last named State act with greater unanimity and vigor—especially in New Orleans—than they have yet displayed in the present canvass. The failure of either of these States to vote with the Southern States as a unit would seriously endanger the result, and might throw the election into the House, where there is little doubt the black republicans would triumph, as they did in the election of Speaker. It becomes, then, the obvious duty and policy of all who would defeat the black league, which is headed by Fremont, to endeavor to concentrate the whole strength of the South upon the strongest constitutional ticket that is presented. That is unquestionably the Buchanan and Breckinridge ticket, upon the Douglas-Soule platform. Mr. Fillmore can only enter as an element to disturb the calculation on which this policy is based. He has not even an appreciable chance of election. It is a rank infatuation to suppose so. The delusion can do nothing but produce a marplot in the South, and will not detract one whit from the black republican consolidation in the North. In the North the battle will be waged against the South, and the more distinct the issue, and concentrated the opposition on the South, the better. The question is, who is the most conservative, national, and available candidate for the South to unite upon? From all present indications and date, Mr. Buchanan, take him all in all, platform included, is that man.

If such is the case, then every vote cast against him in the South is a vote indirectly in favor of the black republican ticket. But let the South go as a unit for Buchanan against the black fusion—given that Pennsylvania and any other free State go the same way—and the defeat of Fremont will be ensured; the black tide will be hurled back from the Capital which it threatens to engulf, and for four years at least the Union may hold together without subjecting the South to the alternative of abject submission to the rabid Kakistocracy of the North, or secession.

The time long ago predicted by Calhoun and other forecasting statesmen has come. Abolitionism, in all its forms, phases, degrees is consolidated to crush out the South, destroy her political prestige, and blot out her future. The South must meet it or be prepared to fall; and to meet it successfully, should carry the war into Africa. If, with Mr. Buchanan, this strategy can be best executed, then be it so. Who will say nay? It is no time now for Southern men to be bounded by the narrow horizon of selfish politicians, factions and cliques. It is no ordinary responsibility that rests upon every Southern voter, and he will have a fearful ac-

count to answer to his conscience and his country who shall deliberately throw his vote away, from caprice or from lingering party prejudice, when the South expects every son of hers to do his duty, faithfully, wisely, and effectually. Between the South and black republicanism there is now no middle ground.

Correspondent of the Louisville Democrat.

Letter from Danville.

DANVILLE, KY., July 22, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The talented and accomplished Col John W. Stevenson addressed the citizens of this place, on yesterday (Monday) evening. The courthouse was crowded to excess, and all anxious to hear the orator. Immense crowds followed him from Perryville and Harrodsburg, where he had previously spoken. The k. n.'s were more curious to hear him than the Democrats. The fairness and mild gentlemanly manner in which he treated the topics of the day, contrast so favorably with the bully-ragging, brass-knuck style of Roger Hanson, that after they entered the house it was impossible for them to leave. Col. S. wounded the feelings of no one, and uttered nothing harsh or repulsive. His whole speech was honest, dignified, and candid, being composed of facts and arguments, and not the cant and trash of some of the k. n. orators—such as down with the furnurers, and "Americans must rule America."

While the k. n. speakers are abusing Buchanan, and endeavoring to divide and distract the South, and throw the election into the House of Representatives, Col. S. eulogized Mr. Fillmore's course while President, and exerted them to examine and find out who was the strongest man, and vote as a unit for him to defeat Fremont and his Abolition hordes. Everywhere all over the country, you can find Democrats making the same remarks, but you cannot get a k. n. to open his mouth on the subject. I understand that several know nothings of this place have expressed themselves favorably to any nominee to beat Buchanan. Thank God we have no such men in the ranks of the Democracy!

But the Colonel was not quite so easy with the nephew of my uncle. He handled Andrew J. Donelson without gloves. He gave him a severe and rightly merited castigation. He exhibited him in his true colors as a paltry trickster and office seeker, and when he explained his connection with "bargain, sale, and corruption," many opened their eyes and saw the dilemma they were in when they refused to vote for Buchanan, because they might think him the author of that charge. Of this infamous charge Col. S. completely and satisfactorily cleared Mr. Buchanan.

Upon all points of controversy Col. S. was able, clear, and logical, proving that the Democracy was the only national party, the only one that could hope for success, and that it was madness and suicidal in the friends of Mr. Fillmore to retain him on the track longer, and that by so doing they were endangering the whole Union, and giving efficient aid to Fremont. He closed up with a beautiful appeal to patriots to stand by the constitution and not give it up to Abolition fanaticism, and he exhorted the Democracy to stand by their colors, and victory would surely perch on their standard.

Col. S. has made himself many friends in this section of the State, and if he succeeds as well elsewhere as he has here, the State is sure for Buchanan and Breckinridge. The Democracy are delighted with him, and the know-nothings dare not say aught against him. He is a host, and his speeches will make a wonderful stampede among our k. n. "brethren."

After Col. S. concluded, Mr. Worthington, of Louisville, was called on. He arose and said he did not intend to reply to Mr. Stephenson, but that he arose at the request of his friends, merely to state a few facts relative to the respects of the "American party." The gentleman being very modest, only claimed for Fillmore every Southern State but two; he considered that they were not altogether certain for Buchanan. This is about all he said, and he therefore answered himself completely. A man who would so falsify notorious, well known indisputable facts, could make an impression upon no sensible man.

The Democracy of Boyle has been true and faithful, never faltered, but always come to the polls and voted like men.—Next November you may expect to hear good news from Boyle. She will give a larger Democratic vote than she has ever cast before.

BOYLE.

A WALTZ WITH A CORPSE.—A French paper states that, at a ball lately given at Port Louis, L'Orient, a young lady who was waltzing suddenly felt the hand of her partner become stone cold, and, on looking into his face, saw his features deadly pale and horribly contracted. She fainted, and the cavalier dropped at her side, and was found to be dead. The lady solemnly swears that she was dead several seconds before she knew it, and that she made one turn around the room with him, after he was a corpse.

Hurley's Sarsaparilla

Is not only the most reliable but one of the most valuable compounds that can be used during the summer months. For the removal and permanent cure of Scurfula, Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Affections, and all cutaneous eruptions arising from an impure or vitiated condition of the blood, it stands unapproached in the history of medicine. It may be used at all seasons with very decided advantage, but especially in the spring and summer season.—Rock Island Argus.

Chamber's Journal proves that Dumas, the mulatto author, did not write a twentieth part of the works that pass under his name.

A true copy from the original on file in this Office.

THOS. S. PAGE, Auditor.

Auditor's Office, Frankfort, Ky., July, 1856.

Statement of the "Aetna Insurance Company," of Hartford, Conn.

To the Auditor of Public Accounts, of the State of Kentucky, as required by "An Act to regulate Agencies of Foreign Insurance Companies," approved March 3, 1856.

The Capital Stock is FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, and is paid up, and invested in the following Assets, as submitted to the Stockholders, May 1st, 1856:

500 Shares Stock	Hartford & New Haven Railroad Co.,	@120	\$60,000.00
105 "	Hart, Providence & Fishkill R. R. Co., pref. 10's	70	7,350.00
107 "	Boston & Worcester	87	9,309.00
250 "	Connecticut River	"	50 12,500.00
50 "	Connecticut River Company	25	1,250.00
75 Mortgage	Bonds 6 & 7's Hart. & N. Haven, & H. P. & F. R. R. Cos.	72,000.00	
10 "	Income 7's Bonds,	500	4,500.00
10 "	Jersey City 6's Water Bonds,	102	10,200.00
10 "	Milwaukee City 10's Bonds,	100	5,000.00
10 "	Hartford City 6's Bonds,	100	10,000.00
50 Shares Stock	Stafford Bank,	103	5,150.00
36 "	Citizens' Bank, Waterbury,	103	5,150.00
300 "	Eagle Bank, Providence,	par 50.00	52 1,572.00
200 "	Phoenix Bank, Hartford,	par 100 @108	32,400.00
200 "	Farmers & Mec.'s B'k., H'd.,	par 100 130	26,000.00
308 "	Exchange Bank, Hartford,	par 50 50	15,400.00
200 "	State Bank, Hartford,	par 100 128	25,600.00
100 "	City Bank, Hartford,	par 100 118	11,800.00
100 "	Bank Hartford Co., Hart.,	par 100 105	7,575.00
150 "	Conn. River Bank, Hart.,	par 50 534	9,787.50
259 "	Hartford Bank, Hart.,	par 100 133	34,447.00
49 "	Charter Oak Bank, Hart.,	par 100 113	4,520.00
200 "	Merchants Ex. B'k., N. Y.,	par 50 110	11,000.00
200 "	North River Bank, N. Y.,	par 50 100	10,000.00
800 "	Mechanics' Bank, N. Y.,	par 25 120	24,000.00
100 "	Bank North America,	par 100 106	10,600.00
200 "	Bank America,	par 100 130	24,000.00
150 "	Bank Republic,	par 100 125	18,750.00
100 "	Bank Commonwealth,	par 100 98	9,800.00
150 "	Bank New York,	par 100 120	18,000.00
450 "	Broadway Bank,	par 25 121	14,520.00
400 "	Peoples' Bank,	par 25 110	11,000.00
400 "	Union Bank,	par 50 118	23,600.00
100 "	Hanover Bank,	par 100 97	9,700.00
200 "	Ocean Bank,	par 50 95	9,500.00
200 "	Metropolitan Bank,	par 100 110	22,000.00
418 "	Butchers & Drivers' Bank,	par 25 127	13,271.50
200 "	Importers & Traders' Bank,	par 100 103	20,600.00
200 "	American Exchange Bank,	par 100 116	23,200.00
200 "	Merchants' Bank,	par 50 145	14,500.00
150 "	Market Bank,	par 100 109	16,350.00
250 "	Phenix Bank,	par 20 1134	5,662.50
100 "	Manhattan Co. Bank,	par 50 1324	6,612.50
100 "	United States Trust Co. B'k.,	par 100 107	10,700.00
150 "	N. Y. Life Ins. & Trust Co.,	par 100 162	24,300.00
15 "	M. & T.'s B'k. Jersey City,	par 100 95	1,425.00
150 "	Ohio Life Ins. & Trust Co.,	par 100 924	353,091.50
	Real Estate in Hartford, Louisville, Ky., and Cincinnati, Ohio,		13,875.00
	Office Furniture and Library,		546,958.90
	Money due the Company secured by mortgage,		31,435.08
	Bills receivable, payable at the Bank, running to maturity,		833.63
	Special deposits with Phoenix Bank,		50,000.00
	Special deposits with Hartford Bank,		25,000.00
	Special deposits with State Bank,		25,000.00
	Special deposits with Farmers and Mechanics' Bank,		25,000.00
	Interests accrued on these deposits,		3,790.00
	Cash on hand,		128,791.00
	Balance due from agents and others,		43.54
	Deduct balances due from the Company,		28,638.71
			11,114.10
	Capital Stock,		500,000.00
	Surplus, balance of profit and loss acct.,		500,733.60
			\$1,000,733.60
	Losses due and unpaid—none.		
	Losses adjusted and not due,		7,005.89
	Losses in suspense, waiting further proof,		35,156.58
	Losses resisted, (the causes are various—uninsurable interest, fraud,		
	suspicious of fraud, &c.),		59,693.03
	All other claims against the Company are small, for printing and other minor contingent expenses.		
	Hartford, May 1, 1856.		

THO. A. ALEXANDER, Secretary.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT, HARTFORD COUNTY, ss. HARTFORD, June 12, 1856.

Personally appeared before me, a Justice of the Peace, duly qualified to administer oaths, Thomas A. Alexander, Secretary, and made solemn oath that the foregoing statement of the assets and condition of the Aetna Insurance Company is true.

July 16-21 HENRY FOWLER, Justice of the Peace.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE,

FRANKFORT, KY., 1st July, 1856.

This is to certify that L. H. NOBLE, as Agent of the Aetna Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., at Marion County, has filed in this office the statements and exhibits required by the provisions of an act, entitled "An Act to regulate Agencies of Foreign Insurance Companies," approved March 3, 1856; and it having been shown to the satisfaction of the undersigned that said Company is possessed of an actual capital of at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as required by said act, the said L. H. Noble, as Agent as aforesaid, is hereby licensed and permitted to take risks and transact business of insurance at his office in Lebanon, for the term of one year from the date hereof. But this license may be revoked, if it shall be made to appear to the undersigned that since the filing of the statements above referred to, the available capital of said Company has been reduced below one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

In testimony whereof, I have set my hand, the day and year above written.

THOS. S. PAGE, Auditor.

Home Remedies.

In another column of to-day's paper will be found the advertisement of L. H. NOBLE & Co. Their preparations are made among us and are known to be at least equal, if not superior to any others of similar kinds put up anywhere. The Chill and Fever Remedy has no superior, as can be satisfactorily shown by those who have been cured by it. The sale has been so great for the past few weeks, and the satisfaction it has given so general, that the proprietors will, in the course of a few coming weeks, send to different parts of the country one hundred dozen.

This remedy is not only safe and certain, but by its combining in just proportions the properties of a Tonic and Anti-Periodic, Cathartic, and Diaphoretic; it needs no other medicine to accompany it; and besides it leaves the system free in a great measure, from the usual tendency to a return of the disease.

The Sarsaparilla is the official preparation, made after the formula of the United States Dispensatory, and contains only the pure and fresh Honduras Root. It is recommended by our Physicians as superior to any other in the market. Its rapid sale among us, to those who know its qualities and the manner of its preparation would seem to be its best recommendation.

Of the Extract of Jamaica Ginger, there need be nothing said. It has been in use extensively for three years past and gives general satisfaction.

These preparations are not Patent Medicines. There is no secret about them. The public can see the formula by which they are prepared, and any respectable Physician can have the same by application to the proprietors in person or by letter.

These remedies can always be had, wholesale or retail, of the proprietors, at their Drug Store in Lebanon, Ky., and of Druggists generally.

A LARGE LOT OF READY-MADE CLOTHING, and a fine stock of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, on hand and for sale by April 3 SPALDING & VERMEE.

A. M. COOK JONES,

WITH LANE & BARTLETT,

WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 404, Main St., opposite the Louisville Hotel.

July 9-2m.

NOTICE.

Cabinet Shop.

THE Business will hereafter be carried on by the undersigned, in all its branches, at the stand formerly occupied by McRoy & Co. Grateful for the patronage heretofore extended to the establishment, I hope to deserve a continuance of the same.

R. M. BOWMAN.

Nov. 7 if

HURLEY, THOMAS A., Druggist and Apothecary, and Manufacturer of Hurley's Sarsaparilla, North-west corner Seventh and Green streets, Louisville, Ky.

Oct. 31-4f.

Boyle Farm for Sale!

INTENDING to remove West, I offer for sale on reasonable terms, THE FARM

On which I now reside, situated on the Turnpike road leading from Danville to Lebanon, 6 miles from the former place. It contains 278 ACRES

Of first rate Land, subdivided into fields of proper size, and provided with the necessary buildings and out-houses. It has also a sufficient quantity of never-failing water, and is in every respect well worthy the attention of those wishing to purchase a Farm. Besides, it is a first-rate location for either a Tavern or Stock Stand, being on the route

Scolding.

SIXTH EDITION.—Mrs. Swishelm, noticing the publication of a new love story, says:

"All that stuff about woman's love has been said over and over again a hundred thousand times, to the great detriment of the best interest of humanity. There is no kind of necessity for using the press to persuade girls that it is very romantic and womanly to love a scoundrel; to leave her affections unguarded by reason or experience, and drift helplessly into sin, shame and despair, as an evidence of her unsuspecting womanhood."

"It's not true that woman's affections are any stronger or more durable than man's. We think the opposite is the case, and that two thirds of all the women who pine away and die for love, do so for the want of something better to do."

"Everything calculated to make love-sickness a feminine acquirement is a great injury; but to strew the path of suicide with the flowers of poetry and romance is in a degree reprehensible."

"The best motto to guide young girls through the mazes of love is, 'do right and trust.' A girl who has done right, has little to mourn over if she loses a pretended lover. Better that she should change her mind before than after marriage."

A BROKEN HEART.—"Did he strike you?" asked a judge in Cincinnati, of a witness who had testified that her husband abused her.

"No, sir," replied the modest and delicate looking woman, "he has never struck me, though he has often threatened to do it."

He abuses me, and I am obliged to flee from his presence.

"Did he break any of the furniture?" asked the court.

"No," responded the witness, as a tear dropped from her eye, and she placed her hand on her bosom. "No, sir, he did not break the furniture, but he has frequently threatened to break my heart, and he is doing it, sir."

"Poor woman! she evidently spoke the truth. The bloated monster who stood beside her, though he had once solemnly promised to love and protect her, is now her most bitter persecutor, the sorest trouble. No doubt he once did love her. No doubt but that at one time he would rather have died than cause a bitter tear to start from her soft blue eyes, but intemperance has unmanned, brutalized him, and he is now breaking her heart. Heaven help the drunkard's wife!"

THINGS TWO HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—(Scene.—Parlor in the house of an elderly couple in New York. Old gent telegraphs to the kitchen, and water ascends in a balloon amid a blaze of fireworks.)

Old Gent.—John, fly over to South America, and tell Mr. Johnson that I will be happy to have him up with me. Never mind your coat now, go.

John leaves, and at the end of five minutes, returns.

John.—Mr. Johnson says he will come, he has got to go to the North Pole, for a mint julep, and then he will be here.

Old Gent.—Very well, John. Now lay out the machine for setting the table, and telegraph to my wife's room, and tell her Mr. Johnson's coming, then brush up my 'Aerial Navigator,' for I have an engagement in London at twelve o'clock.

John flies off to execute his orders, and the old gentleman runs over to the West Indies, for a moment, to get a fresh orange.

"Jim did you ever study grammar?"

"I did."

"What case is Squire C—?"

"He is in the objective case."

"How so?"

"Because he objected to paying his subscription that he has been owing for five years or more."

"What is a noun?"

"Don't know, but I know what a noun is."

"Well, what is it?"

"Running off without paying the printer and getting on the black list as a delinquent."

"Good. What is a conjunction?"

"A method of collecting outstanding subscription in conjunction with a constable. Never employed by printers until the last extremity."

OUR NEW DICTIONARY.—A. Buse.—Editorial compliments.

A. Kad Emy.—A place where young gents learn all species of mischief, which is afterwards condensed in the word Diploma.

A. Buster.—A steamboat boiler or a bibulous young man.

Ak Shun.—A movement; the sudden elopement of a dandy from his boarding house might be called an ak-shun, although the landlord would designate it leg bail.

A. R. Tist.—One who knows nothing of his business; for instance, a bad actor is called an artist, or a singer with a knitting needle voice has also the appellation of artist, applied to him. A barber is an artist in hair; a coal-heaver in coal, and so forth.

ANOTHER ASSAULT.—The telegraph reports another newspaper correspondent having been assaulted in Washington City. Capt. H. Clay Pate was the aggressor, and Mr. Hanson, of the Tribune, the sufferer.

In an artesian well, now in course of excavation in New Orleans, the anger recently brought up from a depth of five hundred and eighty feet, sand thickly interspersed with fibres of wood, fragments of bark, shells, &c. It was thought wonderful not long since to find shells and vegetable remains at a depth of sixty feet, but here we have them at a depth of nearly six hundred feet.

It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society. The village gossip, jealousies, family quarrels and bickerings between neighbors, meddlesomeness, and tattling, are the worms that eat into all social happiness.

A pious Scotch parson being asked by a friend, during his last illness, whether he thought himself dying, answered:

"Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not; for if I die, I shall be with God—if I live, He will be with me."

A FREEDOM SCREECHER.—"Hurrah for Coburn and Dalton!" yelled a screecher for freedom in Washington street the other evening.

"You mean Fremont and Dayton," said a bystander.

"Yes, Hurrah for anybody! Hurrah for the devil! Anything to give the Missouri hell-hounds hell-fire!"

That's the kind of stuff freedom screechers are made of about here.—Boston Post.

A PRECIOUS YOUTH.—"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?" "Send it to the editor, of course."

"But what are you going to send it to the editor for?" Cause he says, if anybody will send him a club, he will send him a copy of his paper.—the mother came pretty near fainting, but retained consciousness enough to ask: "But, my Tommy dear, what do you suppose he wants with that club?" "Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful urchin, "unless it is to knock down subscribers as don't pay for their paper!"

LOUISVILLE AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

It is well known that there is great economy in crushing or grinding the kernels of all grain before feeding it to stock, and that there is much nutriment in the cob when properly broken or ground. And the only reason that millers arrange to produce these desired results have not been more generally introduced among planters and farmers, has been their complex arrangement and high cost.

In the Kentucky Corn and Cob Mill, of which the above is an accurate engraving, we claim to have produced a machine at once efficient, substantial and cheap, while its arrangement is so simple that the most ordinary hand can adjust and operate it. This machine, unlike any other, is regulated by means of a single set screw, which is easily moved by hand, and is applied directly under the center of the mill.

Any one using these mills will find a clear saving of ONE QUARTER of their corn over the old plan of feeding.

We warrant these Mills to give entire satisfaction. Purchasers may use them for thirty days and if not satisfied, can return them and get their money.

They will grind Corn and Cob as fine as desired, at the following rate per hour, with one horse:

No. 1, 4 to 5 bush per hour. Weight 350 lbs. Price, \$25.00.

No. 2, 6 to 8 bush per hour. Weight 400 lbs. Price, \$30.00.

The above prices include the complete Mill ready to hitch to without any further expense, and could be set in operation in five minutes time.

Pennsylvania Four Horse Power and Thresher, with Tumbling Shaft Complete.

We are now engaged in making 500 of these Threshers for the harvest of 1856. And from our experience and success last season, together with the additional precaution of having secured at an early day thoroughly seasoned lumber, and other materials of unexceptionable quality, we are satisfied that we will be able to turn out Machines to which we can and will give the most unqualified endorsement.

The advantages claimed by us for the Pennsylvania Thresher over any other in general use, are the following:

1st. Its great strength and simplicity.

2nd. Its ability to do more work each day than can be performed by any other known Machine driven by four horses.

3d. It is portable, and is easily handled by two horses on a wagon; and can be loaded or unloaded, and put in operation in thirty minutes.

4th. We have also succeeded in removing what has heretofore been so objectionable in other Machines, to wit: the necessity for great speed on the part of the horses—and Machine being so geared as to accomplish greater motion with less speed in driving.

We have manufactured and sold over two hundred of these machines during the past season, (and in no instance has one been returned,) under the following

WARRANTEE.

We warrant every Machine to be made well, and of good material, in every respect, and to do its work to the satisfaction of the purchaser, or refund the money.

PRICES.

Complete Four-Horse Power and Thresher, ready for use, cash, \$135 00

Complete Four-Horse Power alone, cash, 80 00

Complete Four-Horse Thresher, alone, cash, 60 00

Band Wheel, to be added to this Power if desired, for driving Cotton Gin, Corn Mill, Corn Sheller, Straw Cutter, Wheat Fan, &c., &c., extra, 15 00

COMBINED REAPER & MOWER.

MILLER, WINGATE & CO'S KENTUCKY HARVESTER.

We are now building for the harvest of 1856, five hundred Combined Reaping and Mowing Machines, of our own construction, and to which we will give the most unqualified warranty as to their performance in every respect; and that they shall be of better material construction and workmanship, than any other similar Machine in use. Price, cash, one hundred and forty dollars.

Circulars containing a cut and accurate description of this machine will be forwarded by us on application by letter or otherwise.

Orders should be forwarded early. Liberal discount to dealers.

MILLER, WINGATE & CO.

Manufacturers of Farming Implements and Machines, Louisville, Ky.

Feb. 27, 1856.

PROSPECTUS

THE POST.

Believing as we do, that the perpetuity, welfare, and prosperity of our beloved country have been jeopardized by the fanatics of the North; we, the undersigned, have come to the conclusion that our voice as a public journalist should be put forward in defense of those things hitherto held sacred by every one who breathed the free air of America; be they Catholic or Protestant; native born or foreign-born. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every man, who, either is accidentally born within her limits, or swears eternally allegiance to her laws, protection, suffrage, and the right, (particularly) to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Therefore, conceiving as we do, that the DEMOCRATIC PARTY, is the only one that advocates "Equal Rights to all, and exclusive privileges to none," we shall, in public, as we have heretofore in private, advocate and support the tenets of the Democratic Party. We have had it too often thrown in our teeth, when we wished to show up folly in its true color, that we were "neutral," and consequently had no right to say anything in regard to any political subject, either privately or publicly. We have got tired of this, and although the bustle and commotion of politics suits not our inclination; yet, under the exigencies of the case, we think it our imperative duty to publish a tract.

DEMOCRATIC PAPER.

Those who take our paper hereafter, shall never have the pleasure of saying to us that we have transcended the bounds of "neutrality," for we intend to have the privilege of saying what we please, and bearing as we do, the burden of TRUTH, we fear not the arrows of error. In thus throwing broadcast, the glorious old banner of Democracy, which we have been forced to do by inadvertent circumstances, which we will explain hereafter, we have only acted in self-defense; but of that, more anon.

Hereafter, our pen, humble and feeble though it be, will be dedicated to the Democratic principles, whilst at the same time, we will not forget to place before our readers each week, matter for their amusement, edification and instruction.

TERMS.—THE POST will be furnished to subscribers at \$2.00 per year, if paid in advance. When payment is delayed for six months, \$2.50 will be exacted, and when payments are delayed until the end of the year \$3.00 will, in all cases, be exacted. Clubs of ten or more, however, will be taken at \$1.50 each, where the money accompanies the list.

W. W. JACK.

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

LEBANON, KY., December 1st, 1855.

Scott's Weekly Paper.

The Publishers of this large and popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1856) a combination of Literary attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by George Lippard, entitled "Legends of the Last Century." All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated "Legends of the American Revolution" published for fifty-three consecutive weeks in the Saturday Courier, will find these pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous productions. The first of a series of Original Novellettes, called "Morris Hartley," or the Knights of the Mystic Valley, by Harrison W. Ainsworth, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 fine engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished Novelist, the favorite of the West, and the author of some of the finest productions ever read, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novellette to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison, author of Home Pictures, Patience Worthington and her Grandmother, &c., will contribute a splendid Domestic Novellette, entitled the "Old Ivy Grove," and H. C. Watson an illustrated Story called the "Two Edged Knife"—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lillie Liberte, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the provision, money, and stock markets, letters from travelers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

TERMS.—One copy, one year, \$2; two copies, one year, \$3.40; four copies one year, \$5.50; nine copies, one year, and one to the getter-up of the club, \$10; twenty copies, one year, and one to the getter up of the club, \$20. Address, A. SCOTT, Publisher, No. 111, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Jan. 23, 1856—W. W. JACK.

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"Pedal Straw Hats, "Infants' fancy Summer

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Kosuth Hats, &c., &c.

The above goods will be found equal in quality, and fully as LOW in PRICE as the same article can be bought for in Louisville or any other city market.

The Patrons of the house, and the public at large, are particularly invited to call and examine the assortment.

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Lebanon, May 5.

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This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative),

The Edinburgh Review (Whig),

The North British Review (Free Church),

The Westminster Review (Liberal), and

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Penultima Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

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Sept 12 f W. W. JACK.

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